

Bucks County

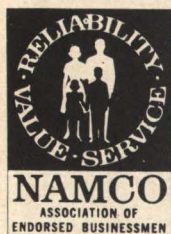
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Associate Editor: Sheila Broderick

Historical Editor: Roy C. Kulp

Feature Editor: Jean Schultz

Advertising: Peggy Gehoe, Elmer Cull

Contributing Photographers: Ron Amey, Richard Kaplinski, Don Sabath

Contributing Editors: Marjorie E. Alliger, Bob Heuckeroth, Peggy Lewis, Dr. Allen H. Moore, Jane Renton Smith, A. Russell Thomas.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Erin Go Bragh	by Sheila Broderick	4
Reminiscing with the Mayor	by Lillian Wiley	6
Early Americana	by Virginia Castleton	8
The Daguerreotype	by Ruth Marchant	10
The New Woman	by Donna W. McClesky	12
Books in Review		13
Rambling with Russ	by A. Russell Thomas	16
Between Friends		20
Feedback (Letters to the Editor)		23
Calendar of Events		24



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Panorama tries to enlarge the horizons of its readers not only by seeking to preserve the cultural heritage of the past, but also by looking ahead to future alternatives. We may not like what the future holds in store, but the best way to shape it more to our liking is by knowing the possibilities.

One area of tremendous potential for change — a change more radical than any yet achieved in all our past history — is in the nature and function of women in our society.

So we present an article which could provoke considerable controversy. We hope, rather, that it will provoke reasonable thought, intelligent comment, and, possibly, rebuttal worth printing. We will be happy to know of our readers' reactions, and will provide space for different points of view.

ABOUT THE COVER

When Irish immigrants first came to Bucks County they were fascinated by the barn decor affected by their German (not "Dutch") predecessors. The "hex" signs appealed to their concern for things of the spirit. They, too, wanted to have signs to warn "the little people," and identify their barns as under the protection of Divine Providence.

So the Irish hex was an admittedly deliberate invention, born of a desire to be like their neighbors — and a precaution — just to be on the safe side — against "little people" getting into Bucks County along with the immigrants.

Sheila Broderick has done a sketch for our cover, which is really a copy of a genuine Irish hex sign (also done by Sheila) circa 1965, which graces a barn near Wismer.

The German Trinity tulips bask in the shade of a green Irish shamrock surmounted by a heart of charity and friendship. All are enclosed with the traditional green band representing money and success — ah, the thought of it all — faith, it overcomes one!



by Sheila Broderick

ERIN

GO

BRAGH!



Once upon a time, God felt restless, and as He looked around He realized that this was because the world had become drab and cheerless; He felt it needed more zest, sparkle, color, and mirth.

So He picked up a lump of clay and went to work molding a wee island; this He gently set down in the lovely blue sea just off the westernmost tip of Europe.

He tilted the sun around to a special angle so that it would shine full on this fair little spot; He painted the trees, grasses and hills the color of jade. He caused the balmiest breezes to blow across her, and directed certain clouds to stay right over the land so that only the softest of showers would kiss her.

This done, He felt that only a certain special kind of people should inherit such a beautiful piece of earth.

So He gathered around Him the finest songs of His birds, took the ingredients of which poets' hearts and souls are made, the twinkle of the stars, the bravery of David, the fierceness of the lion and all the laughter of the child angels — blending all of these together He worked them into a group of wonderful people He called the Irish!

And He called the place THE EMERALD ISLE!

Thus say the Irish of themselves and their land. Which prompts us to sigh — "Great Day!! All this and — S'PHRAIG!!

And that means — All this and Patrick too! And that's about the size of it! Impossibly vain about their little island, the world's biggest exaggerators brag the biggest, best, strongest, loveliest, ugliest, smallest, softest of anything you can name... and then come up with stories like the legend of why God created Ireland.

Yet what a contradiction they are. They have some of the finest whiskies (made from grain by the way, and not potatoes!); no snakes (there never were any in Ireland, due to geological conditions). They have about as many Smiths and Blacks in phone books as there are Kellys or Murphys — and — the only St. Patrick's Cathedral in dear old Dublin town is an Episcopalian church, and one of the most popular Lord Mayors was Jewish.

One of the things that never ceases to amaze me about this time of the year is the way everyone (and I mean everyone) from the Zukowskis to the Prushankins, wants to claim Irish ancestry of some kind. And yet, this group of people that everyone is so anxious to be a part of has some of the bloodiest history in the books.

Ireland has had a host of castles and old houses associated with terrible crimes. And to prove her murderous past she boasts of no less than one hundred and twenty present-day sites that are known to have very active and in most cases very malicious ghosts.

She also has practically no such thing as a full-blooded Irishman! (Legend tells that even St. Patrick was not a native-born Irishman.) Down through the years the Gaelic blood has been generously diluted by such strains as: Norman, Scandinavian, Scotch, Saxon, French, Austrian and Spanish. When you think of it in that light, it's no small wonder that the Irishman also has the worst temper and most antagonistic disposition in the world!

The Irish, however, are friendly, generous and hospitable to a fault — BUT, do an Irishman an injustice and he is capable of a dangerous and violent outburst of temper, and he has a long, long memory for injustices, real or imaginary!

Strange to relate, though, is the fact that this hot-blooded people lives on an island of a blessedly mild atmosphere. Really hot summer days are almost unknown, and in Dublin's fair city where those girls are truly pretty — the folks will start muttering about heat waves when the noonday temperature gets anywhere above 80. As for the winters, normally there are only a few days of snow and just a wee drop of frost.

There's an old Irish saying that when God made this loveliest of all places, He wanted to be sure it would keep clean, and so He washes it every day. Standing as she does on the seaward edge of Europe, she gets the full fury of every gale that lashes in from the Atlantic. It rarely rains really hard, but what does come down seems to keep at an even drizzle most of the time. But it is Foin Stouf for the ducks, umbrella-makers and the lush green pastures!

The constant dampness makes the bog peat a surety. This is the most useful commodity of the countryside — not strange when you realize that this little island has no forests and few coal mines.

At odd times of the year the peat is cut with special spades and stacked, then it is allowed to dry, is carted home and stored for winter use. The fragrant smell of burning peat has traditionally been a feature of cottage life in Ireland as long as her memory goes, but in recent years this national fuel has rolled up its sleeves and gone to work as a commercial ingredient in power stations generating electricity.

Ah, to sit with the old clay pipe in front of the peat fire . . . the Irish say.

"May the blessed sunlight shine on you and warm your heart till it glows like a giant peat fire, then strangers may see the glow and come and warm themselves at it, and heart's friends too will come and bide."

Full of life's values to the cottager, the waterlogged area of the bogs is a menace and a nuisance to any stranger trying to find his way around it. This same difficulty in crossing the bogs has played strong and decisive roles in the country's history.

Many a king of ancient provinces has suffered the trouble of hauling wood and stones high up over the bogs, to sit in his stronghold overlooking the marshy lowlands, so that he might better defeat his enemies.

Ireland was to all accounts just a sleeping babe until the day St. Patrick stepped ashore in A.D. 432. At that time he found a people speaking an awkward tongue known as Gaelic, and their main occupation with life was fighting each other for everything, including wives. They watched over their cattle, but grew hardly any crops at all. Roaming from one corner to the other of the tiny island, they lived aimless lives that St. Patrick did much to fulfill.

After St. Patrick died, the good he had spread continued to survive and grow, and in 600 A.D. the whole island came alive as one of the foremost lands of learn-

ing. From then until 800 A.D. took place the Golden Age of Ireland.

During this time the island throbbed with the voices of saints and men of great wisdom and learning. Art blossomed everywhere, and in huge grey stone houses monks taught classes and produced such breathtaking masterpieces as the beautiful Book of Kells — a magnificently illustrated copy of the Gospel, now on exhibition in the Library of Trinity College in Dublin.

Not only did all the art and teachings of Ireland attract students from all over the world, but at the same time Irish missionaries were traveling to the furthest reaches of the known world spreading their news and talents.

The stone crosses that dot the countryside serve to remind us of those great days in Ireland's history and of such men as St. Patrick. Towering high above the green landscape, these mysterious white Celtic Crosses — some 45 of them — stand throughout the island. Their true origin is lost in the pages of history, but for a thousand years they have testified to the strength of the early Christian idea.

According to legend, St. Patrick brought many craftsmen to Ireland, and among these were a number of master masons. These men may have been taught by Roman masters in Rome's military occupation of the British Isles or France. The crosses show signs of Roman contact and influence from the world beyond Ireland. The circle of the Celtic Cross is Greek in style; the shaft is pure Latin; the figures carved around the crosses show a resemblance to Egyptian carvings found on many of their tombs.

And with these ancient crosses and this old Irish blessing — the Irish proclaim their faith:

"May the road rise to meet you

May the wind be always at your back

May the sun shine warm upon your face

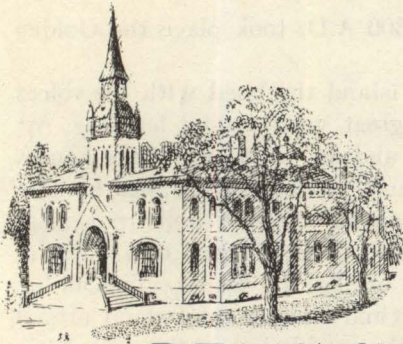
And the rains fall soft upon your fields

And until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of his hand . . ."

We wish all of you — A Happy St. Patrick's Day.





REMINISCING WITH THE MAYOR



by Lillian Wiley

In the fall of 1891 Sarah and Albert Atkinson of Newtown, Bucks County had a new-born son. They named him Daniel Dungan Atkinson and he became one of a family of nine children — one girl and eight boys. His mother's family, the McMasters, traced their ancestry to pre-revolutionary times. His father was a pharmacist and was employed by Richard Livezy, a Doylestown druggist, whose place of business is now occupied by a delicatessen on Main Street.

At first, Albert Atkinson walked on week-ends from Newtown to his work, and later rode a bicycle. It took him three years to make the momentous decision to move to Doylestown. Dan recalls that at this time his father lined all the children up at home and vaccinated them against small-pox which had become an epidemic in the area. As was customary in those days friends and neighbors gave a hand with the moving.

There wasn't any moving van — just farm wagons and plodding farm horses. What today takes twenty or thirty minutes was then a full day's journey, and an especially long one for the five and a half-year-old Dan, who was placed on one of the wagons for the trip to his new home. The driver stopped at all the hotels on the way, and the horses no doubt welcomed the rest, but for the small boy the charm of the Anchor, Pineville, and Buckingham Inns was lost.

His mother and the twin babies, Harriet and Robert, rode in a carriage and eventually they all arrived at their home on Linden Avenue and found that someone had thoughtfully prepared a meal for the hungry newcomers and their helpers. The family settled down in their new home, but the baby twin brother did not grow up to share it. Those who did were Raymond, George, Albert, Daniel, John, James, Harriet, and Hugh. As the years passed the seven Atkinson brothers became well known on the Maple Avenue baseball and football teams along with the Darlington, Krouse, Wendte, Barnes and Newell boys.

There were many empty lots in the neighborhood and town where boys could play with abandon. There was little time to be a delinquent, for there were always things to do. Watching the town blacksmiths was a favorite pastime, and the shops best remembered were Rapps, site of the Strand Cleaners on Main Street, and Flucks on West Oakland Avenue, where anvils rang to the sound of boyish glee.

There were several livery stables in town, some of which were maintained by the inns, with hack service for the convenience of their guests. The Fountain House, center of town, and the Monument House, site of the new Federal and Loan Building, provided this service. There was also the Railroad House livery stable, oper-

ated by Charlie Rhoads, whose home is still standing on South Clinton Street. Edward Ely had a livery stable on Livezy Street and Oliver Price had his stables on Pine Street at what was the late Leon Stultz property. The hostlers in these establishments were available all night.

There were quite a few barns in Doylestown, some of which are still standing today. Carriages were the mode of conveyance, and many churches had sheds available for them, and on rainy days these sheds made good places to play marbles.

There were chores and playtime for the Atkinson children, but there was also a time for dreaming — a time to build castles and bridges, or just to ponder. Of course there were girls in the neighborhood, but after school they disappeared. They stayed at home — to do their chores or their dreaming — and weren't seen until the next morning. There weren't any teen-agers on the streets as we see them today.

In recounting his school-days, Dan remembers his first-grade teacher, Catherine Herstine, very well. In 1906 Daniel entered high school, where Claire McDougall was his teacher and Carmen Ross was the principal and part-time teacher. The late Howard Flack is remembered as the first male teacher in the Doylestown High School, and he organized the first basketball team there in 1907-1908. Daniel was one of thirteen who graduated from the high school in 1909.

The dreams of boyhood were dimmed as the young men of the town turned to more serious sports. The Tommy Fletcher boxing bouts were well attended. They were held in the old Methodist Church building on West Court Street, and sponsored by Mr. Fletcher, who owned the building.

The old Bicycle Works on Donaldson Street became the Social Center and the hub of activity for the boys of the town under the leadership of George Murray who organized the Boy's Brigade. They performed a great service to the community and a greater service to the individual boy, who came to love and respect "Uncle George." A very fitting memorial plaque to him has been placed on the building once called "Social Center," where George Murray took time out of his busy work-a-day world to council his boys.

With manhood came responsibility and Dan's first job was with *The Daily Intelligencer* as a reporter for local news. His "beat" was up one side of Main Street and down the other, stopping in all the stores and shops for news of visiting relatives, new babies, sickness (supplemented by information from his father who was Doylestown Boro Health Officer for many years), and deaths. His most difficult assignment was to cover a poultry show being held for a week in the Armory on Shewell Avenue. Did you ever try to write a story on chickens every day for a week?

Pa. Infantry. In June of 1916 he went to the Mexican Border as a 1st Sgt. They were demobilized in 1917, but on May 30 he went to Officer's training camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y. He was commissioned on August 15, 1917 and ordered to France.

His brother Albert was killed there in September 1918 (the American Legion Post of Doylestown is named in his memory), and his brothers George and John were both wounded. His sister, Harriet, the remaining twin, worked for a time as bookkeeper and clerk in Clymer's Department Store. She is now married and lives in Trenton.

Captain Atkinson retired in 1935 from the service but has never quite resigned in spirit. In recalling the names of men who served in the National Guard during his command he commented, "That's quite a bunch of fellows in fifteen years." In 1946 he married Mary Clemens of Colmar.

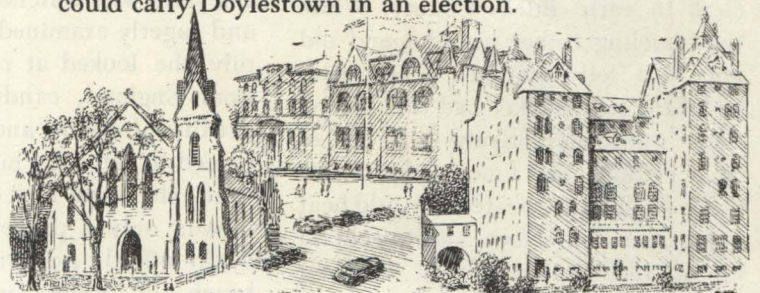
In 1950 he became a member of the selective Service Board and is still serving in that capacity. He sees that the boys get off to a good start on their tour of duty.

Dan was interested in sports all of his life. He played baseball, football and basketball and was chairman of the committee that raised money and selected the site for the Doylestown World War II Memorial Field. He was employed by the Philadelphia Electric Co. for 38 years until his retirement in 1958. He has been a member of the Rotary Club (for twenty-five years), the Doylestown Fire Co., the Bucks County Public Assistance Board, and was a vestryman at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He has been a member of the Doylestown Local Armory Board since 1920 and the local American Post since 1919. He was the first Post Commander and has headed the Post three other times.

Now he is the Mayor of Doylestown, quite a record for one man.

When asked what his thoughts were concerning this new post, he answered with that ready smile and a twinkle in his eye, "The duties aren't hard. It's like being an official host to visiting dignitaries and guests of the town. I write proclamations, and although they tell me I have something to do with the police force, I'll leave that up to the fellow in command. The most thrilling thing about it all was being elected."

And so the name of Daniel D. Atkinson is placed beside that of the late Robert L. Clymer and of John T. Welsh, for being the only three recent democrats who could carry Doylestown in an election.



EARLY ENTERTAINMENT

by Virginia Castleton

The faint tinkling of bells grew nearer in the morning air. Clearly, sweetly, the sounds invaded the darkened cabin, lighted only by the heavy glow from the cavernous fireplace.

As the woman straightened up from stirring the thick stew in the cast-iron pot hanging over the coals, a look of pleasure touched her sad face. Dropping the wooden ladle on the nearby table she ran to the door and flung it open. Moist spring air slipped into the one-room home. Eyes darting up and down the pathway, this pioneer woman drew in the sounds again. There it was! Silvery notes flung themselves around trees, slid down the hill and brought joy to the lonesome woman.

The traveling tinker had come. Now she heard his voice, vying in richness with the clatter and rolling sound of his wares. Eagerly she waited for the first glimpse of this welcome visitor and merchant. Soon his wagon would crest the hill, and down it wares, wagon, and man would roll to a stop at her door.

This was a novel form of entertainment in early Bucks County. While the traveling tinker would mend old pots and sell new ones if he could, and if the homemaker had the money, there would be a lively exchange of conversation. The lonely inhabitants of the far-flung homesteads would hear gossip, see a new face, and in general be afforded entertainment in their spartan lives.

Sometimes beating on a tin pan to attract attention and announce his arrival, sometimes singing his wares, even if only to a solitary pair of ears in the infrequent cabins dotting the rolling countryside, the traveling tinker was always warmly welcomed. Quickly the mistress of the house would gather her worn pots and pans that had lost their value. As he mended the utensils, the tinker would chatter about the neighbors he had visited during the last week. Perhaps there had been a birth, a death, or a marriage. Whatever the information, this traveling account of news had a rapt audience.

Because of the paucity of entertainment in our early country, enjoyment was all the more intense. Contact with anyone outside the family was counted as a special pleasure and treat.

Roads permitting, there were others who approached the isolated homes. The scissors grinder and the Yankee pedlar found their way along the primitive back roads. One could always count on the Yankee pedlar's visits. The farm wife watched for his coming and eagerly examined his wares. Happily she looked at needles and pins from England, candle molds, a bit of calico, buttons, and various articles placed to catch her hungry eyes. Many times she could look only. Sometimes it was only a packet of needles she could afford. Admiringly she would touch the dimity prints, the calico

stuff, and dream of having enough money to buy material for a new bonnet. Lovingly she would fondle the calico, ask the price from the pedlar, and slowly shake her head, fiercely promising herself to save the money needed by the next trip of the pedlar to her door.

In the springtime there would be vendues to attend. This was a time of great excitement. Coming originally from a French word, *vendre*, to sell, vendues in our early country brought together families from many miles around. Usually the cause of the event would be a family who had decided to move on to the western frontier. They would be traveling in their wagon, and there would be room only for supplies and items that travelled well. The women shoppers would eye the glassware, a mirror, and other household goods. The men would head for



Corn Husking Bee



Public Auctions were a major social event in the life of the County

the barn and the livestock. It made a lively outing, and families arrived in their buckboards prepared to spend the day, visiting with neighbors attending the vendue and perhaps coming away with some treasured item.

As our country grew, entertainment became more sophisticated. In time there was the village Post Office and country store. Weekly or monthly trips would be made to these buildings, according to distance and need. In the country store the farm wife could barter for a whale oil-burning lamp that pleased her, and satisfied her need for beauty in her home. She would offer butter, eggs and poultry from her farm for this bit of glass decorated with cabbage roses.

There were country fairs, horse races and exhibits of farm products. Blacksmith shops were a popular meeting place for men. Country dances were attended with many thoughts in mind. Demure maidens pinched their plump cheeks until they were becomingly tinged with color. Perhaps a crushed blackberry stained her lips suspiciously pink. A dusting of flour across a

freckled nose created a tempting armful to some freshly scrubbed and shock-haired youth.

The dancing showed athletic prowess and was performed with great zest. There was great stamping and scraping to the rhythm of the music. What was lost in grace was made up in enthusiasm.

If Betsy didn't catch a beau at the dance, there was always the Husking Bee. Here the company assembled on a barn floor lighted by flaring lanterns. Armed with a whittled hardwood peg with which to shell the corn, the young men eagerly searched for the prize of the red ear of corn. He who found the red ear in the mountainous pile of unshucked ears before him had the privilege of kissing the girl beside him. She, with becoming modesty, must resist his efforts. However, it was a known fact that men were the stronger of the two sexes, so the girl did not have to resist too much.

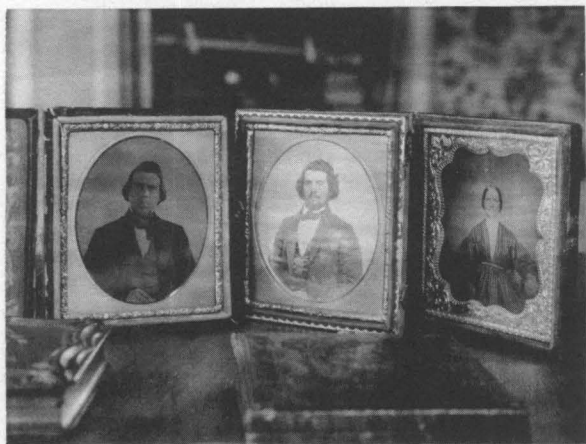
The smart farmer in whose barn the corn husking was held usually concealed several of the freak red ears of corn beneath the pile, insuring a

good attendance at the next husking. Singing and rough pranks added to the fun while the husking was being done.

For outdoor entertainment there was the sugar-making. Thin blue smoke rising in the clear skies signalled members of this party. A cleared area was ringed with pots over slow fires simmering the delicacy cooking within. Young girls did not in the least mind standing for hours stirring the maple liquid in the cooking pots. With attractively flushed face and arms moving the body beguilingly. Betsy of the hinterlands knew she made a fetching picture. Sometimes she would take her wooden paddle from the pot and across a patch of fresh snow she would drift strands of the boiling syrup. Cautiously rolling the soft mass about, one was rewarded with a meltingly good bite of cooled maple candy.

Then there was the water diviner. His services were mystically and eagerly sought, and still are in some sections of the country. A new homesteader wondering where to dig a

Continued on Page 26)



Ambrotype — Daguerreotype — Tintype

The First True Portrait

THE DAGUERREOTYPE

by Ruth Marchant

The word "Daguerreotype" today conjures up a picture of a somber-faced lady heavily gowned in hoop skirt and poke bonnet, or a stiff-faced gentleman with hat in hand posing before a pretentious background. You can probably find one in grandma's old family photograph album, and many antique shops still boast of a few of the dark mirror-finish portraits. Their heyday was the 1840's when it was a proud moment for Mama or Papa or whole families to visit the nearest "artist of the lens" and have their likenesses indelibly printed on the silvery plates.

Back in 1840 the infant field of photography had become big business overnight because of the advent of the daguerreotype, and the U.S. led the world in its production. This was an astonishingly rapid development inasmuch as it was only on January 9, 1839 that the method of producing daguerreotypes became available to the world.

Louis Jacques Daguerre, a French painter and physicist, together with H. Nicéphore Niepce worked to find a process of fixing the image formed in a camera to produce permanent pictures. They worked together from 1829 until Niepce's death in 1833. Daguerre continued

alone and eventually succeeded in developing the process which bears his name.

Scientists the world over had been working on their own methods with varying degrees of success, but the search ended with the publication of Daguerre's process by the French government on January 9, 1839. This 79-page detailed instructional manual became a best seller immediately and was widely translated and distributed.

Daguerre was appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor, and was asked by the French government to arrange several public demonstrations so that the details might be made clear to all.

On his first public appearance he polished a plate of copper which had been plated with silver, and put it face down over particles of iodine. Fumes reacted with the silver surface to produce light-sensitive silver iodide. The plate then was exposed in the camera for two to 40 minutes depending on the light available. (It was because of these periods of exposure that the person to be photographed, when posing, had to stand or sit stiffly and often had a head clamp helping to hold him still. It's therefore possible, of course, that our ancestors



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were not always as stiff and severe as these portraits would have us believe!)

After exposure the plate was developed by subjecting it to the fumes of heated mercury. Treatment by sodium thiosulphate solution (then called hypo-sulphite of soda) made the image permanent by removing the undeveloped silver iodide. After rinsing with water, the plate was dried and put behind glass.

In the U.S., Alexander S. Wolcott and John Johnson took their first portrait in October 1839, and in January 1840 opened the first photographic gallery in the world. It was not long before most large cities had their galleries, and itinerant portrait photographers toured the fringes of the frontier.

Mathew B. Brady, the best-known photographer of U.S. history, got his start when Samuel F. B. Morse taught him to take daguerreotypes. In 1844 Brady opened his first N. Y. gallery, and soon won awards for his skillful work. In 1851 he was awarded a medal for a collection of 48 uncolored daguerreotypes exhibited at the Crystal Palace in London. He photographed every president from John Quincy Adams to William McKinley, (except for W. Henry Harrison).

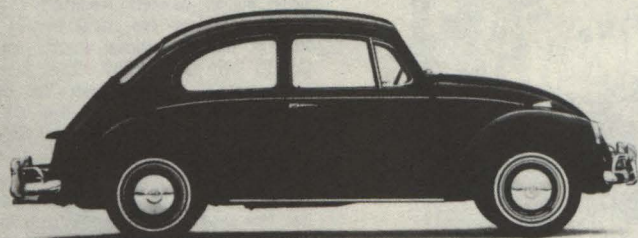
The photograph album didn't come into popular use until the days of snapshots, and during the era of the daguerreotypes the photographs were lovingly kept in small folding cases. The cases were elaborately designed for the appropriate picture — a bride and groom choosing

a case for their wedding picture almost always chose one with hearts. Mothers chose for their children's picture a case designed with a child or flowers motif. The portrait of a deceased child showed an angel; the farmer liked the case designed in wheat; soldiers of the Civil War chose historical scenes. The cases were mostly made of shellac, composition, clay or marble dust, and coloring. Those made of clay or marble dust, pressed into a mold or die, were called *gutta-percha*, and these are the ones antique collectors seek today. More inexpensive cases were made of wood covered with paper, into which designs had been pressed. Some were made of leather, and some of *papier mache* inlaid with pearl.

In 1851, the year Daguerre died, a new technique was introduced in England by Frederick Archer, and was called ambrotype. In this method a piece of glass was used instead of a copper plate. This was less expensive, easier to make, and the exposure time shorter than the daguerreotype.

The year 1858 was the start of the tintype period — a most misleading name as not a particle of tin appears in the preparation. The collodion was poured on thin blackened sheets of iron, which merely resembled tin.

This type prevailed until 1890, when the snapshot came into being; and the daguerreotype, ambrotype, and tintype found their way into the antique shop or into collectors' hands — the first true portrait, more telling than words, of our tight-laced, straight-backed ancestors.



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The New Woman

by Donna W. McClesky

Let us begin with an art form. You might call it a short-short story.

The family is in crisis. Children are delinquent. Wives are alienated, frustrated. Whether divorce should be facilitated or rendered more difficult; whether woman should work or keep house; what kind of work she should do; whether babies should be born at the hospital or at home, in pain or under anaesthesia: these are questions that seem eternal and are fleeting, like dreams. Theory upon theory is offered. Society stirs in a nightmare, turns from the left to the right, from stomach to back, but finds no peace. It dreams of the integrating force of religions that are dead, of the unique value given to the life of woman by her unique, mystic and dolorous experience of childbirth.

But if science, potentially, has abolished pain, then pain has become something immoral. If science, potentially, has abolished childbirth, it is useless to seek mystical gratification in it, a justification of feminine being. We are on the move toward a new species which, even before coming into being, is on the move toward a new, new species.

There is nothing frightening in all this. Why must we view the future as a nightmare—an air-conditioned nightmare, if you wish? *Homo sapiens* has come, *Homo sapiens* will go. He could go either of two ways. . . . Maybe he will go the way of the sabertooth and mammoth. But the sabertooth was utterly helpless in the face of his destiny; man is not. Evolution is in our hands. "Through billions of years of blind mutation, pressing against the shifting walls of their environment . . . microbes finally emerged as man. We are no longer blind; at least we are beginning to be conscious of what has happened and of what may happen. From now on evolution is what we make it . . ."



Of course it will be a World State, a federal republic; for the earth has become too small, physically and spiritually, to stand divided. . . . The earth will be inhabited by only one race; for all races will merge—the best features of each to be maintained in the emerging new race, whose people will be tall, strong, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, with large, vaulted skulls and small jaws.

Children will be born . . . pretty much along the lines suggested satirically by Huxley in *Brave New World*. . . . There will be great establishments, where banks of deep-frozen reproductive cells, both male and female, will be maintained, along with multiplying cultures of them. This procedure will make the most precious genetic heritage of all humanity available for nurturing into childhood and adulthood.

There will be no difference between boys and girls. They will be children, that is all. They will all have the same education, the same way of dressing, the same games, the same purpose in life. Imagine them romping, on a holiday, in the playground, where centrifugal accelerators and pressure-shoots, modeled on those that prepared the cosmonauts and astronauts for their adventures, will have taken the place of the old merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels. For all the children will be getting ready to be spacemen, one day.

Between the ages of eighteen and twenty, when their primary education is completed, they will grow to be women. For to be a woman no longer means to bear children. Femininity will rise out of social context and reflect a psychological, a psychosomatic condition. These women will be tall and strong and beautiful, like Michelangelo's angels. They will bear the brunt of the work in this new world. During the four years of the labor draft they will learn how the economy of this world state ticks, from the lowest echelons to the highest. Drafted women will be burdened with whatever drudgery is left in agriculture and industry and services.

When they come back from the labor draft, the women will be scientists, doctors, professional women, business executives, administrators, educators, and social workers. The bulk of the international income will go through their hands; which means, they will be an enormous political power. Their power, and their experience will carry them into public office: practically all positions of the executive branch of government will be filled by women, including that of President of the World Republic. The collectivist character of this new society brings that with it; there's no way of getting around it. But let no one fear; these women will be fully suited to their high position—by birth, by character, and upbringing.

When they get out of the labor draft, the women will also be ready to found families . . . These families, obviously, will have little in common with the closed, patriarchal family of our own time.

MULTI-FACETED IMAGE

When I first read this projection into the future almost exactly a year ago I was somewhat horrified. I didn't have enough categories in my brain to be able to organize all the data that this woman was throwing at me, so I was frightened by the prospects. Now I find it quite exciting to imagine these things and would like to suggest that you also are able to comprehend and receive them. The reason for this has been the dawning awareness that the new woman is here. Up until this year we all thought that the new woman was coming. You

Continued on Page 22)

BOOKS IN REVIEW

**GEORGE WASHINGTON
CROSSED HERE** by Ann Hawkes
Hutton. Franklin Publishing Co.
\$1.00.

Few if any persons have done as much as Ann Hawkes Hutton to remind Americans of the significance of Washington's Crossing the Delaware and the Battle of Trenton. This small book continues that purpose and brings to light many interesting and important details surrounding the events.

The story is written with all the dramatic suspense it deserves and, since it is inexpensive, it might well provide background material for schoolchildren's essays or serve to correct some of the misunderstandings still perpetrated by adults.

With typical generosity, the author has assigned her proceeds from the book to the Washington Crossing Foundation.

DEATH IN ROME by Robert Katz. The Macmillan Company. \$6.95.

One of the best documented and yet least-known [outside of Italy] Nazi atrocities took place in the "open" city of Rome on March 24, 1944. The Germans murdered 335 Italian civilians in retaliation for a partisan attack on a column of Nazi SS police the previous day.

Himmler demanded the immediate deportation of the entire adult male population. The deportation proposal was seriously considered, then abandoned. Hitler ordered the death of ten Italians for every German casualty. He set a 24-hour deadline.

The jails were ransacked for Jews and other political prisoners. First choice for the list were those who were likely to be executed anyway. Then others were added to fill the ranks — some admittedly "by mistake." Trucked to the Ardeatine caves near the catacombs, they were shot, underground, by soldiers who had to be made drunk in order to carry out the order.

A principal "war-criminal" in the action, according to the author, was Pope Pius XII. Presumably informed of intended reprisals, the Vatican kept silent, except for issuing a vague criticism of the partisan attack on the Nazis. In this criticism of the Pope, the author's purpose is similar to that of playwright Rolf Hochhuth in *The Deputy*. "Pius," Robert Katz says, "failed to protest the roundup of Roman Jews for deportation to Auschwitz. He did not protest German military movements through the city to the Cassino front and the Anzio beachhead. He did not protest the brutalities of the SS prison in Via Tasso. He said nothing about the outrages of the Fascist police. He had nothing to say about the mass roundups of Roman men for forced labor in Germany. There was not a word about the Fascist torture chambers in Via Principe Amedeo and later in the Pensione Jaccarino. And, above all, he looked on in grotesque silence at the massacre of the 335 men in the Ardeatine caves."

Undoubtedly, the criticism of the Pope will be the basis for the reaction of most readers. In trying to write an objective report of the facts concerning the reprisals [which have been the subject of innumerable rumors and

counter-rumors], the author presents a case almost fairer to the Nazis than to the papacy. But he does raise some real issues.

What should anyone — pope or layman — do in the face of legalized oppression? Should the partisans have submitted to the Nazis, at least passively, instead of actively opposing them? Katz says [rightly, we think], that "It is difficult to locate a middle ground between submission and resistance which is not merely a more complex form of submission. Even noncollaboration or passive resistance — historical experience has repeatedly shown — can provoke extremely hostile acts by a force bent on having its own will prevail.

"With the benefit of the same hindsight used by those who assert that the partisans should have anticipated the Ardeatine massacre and consequently should have abstained, one might well say that the execution of so bestial a massacre — which was unprecedented in Italy — demonstrates the correctness of the partisans in opposing with all the power they could command such a ruthless occupation. It was, in reality, the non-partisans who 'should have known' that the Germans would sooner or later commit an atrocity in Rome, and they should have stood united against the occupation. Atrocities are the bane of only the weak and helpless. . . . In any case, it is absurd to single out one attack from a genuine resistance movement, which is guided by strategies and developed through various forms of tactics, and declare in disparaging terms that this was the battle that should not have been fought. This is the equivalent of a rejection of armed resistance to armed aggression, since any one of a hundred partisan actions in Rome might have brought on the Ardeatine crime. It rejects as meaningless and dishonors as cowardly those who fought and died for freedom from Nazism in the resistance movements of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Italy. To dishonor them is to disarm the freedom fighters of tomorrow."

Whether we agree or not with the author's criticism of Pius XII, we certainly can find ample food for thought in the rest of his documented analysis of a particular act of resistance and its subsequent consequences.



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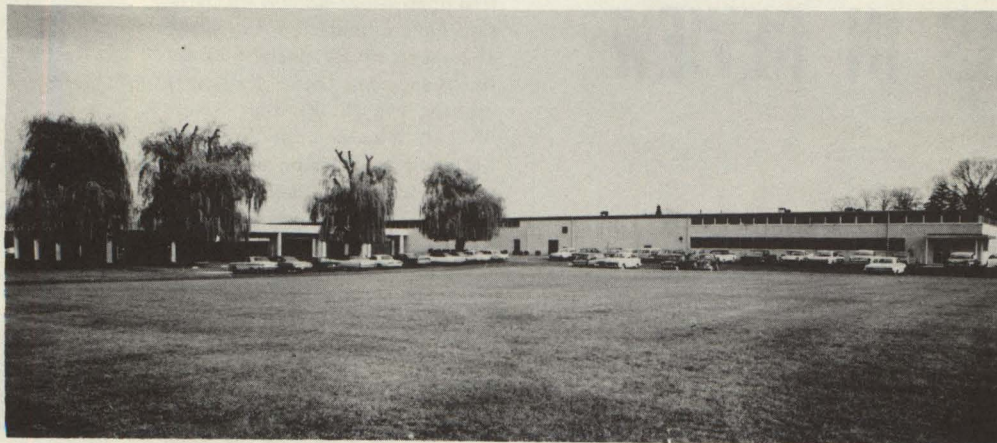
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Chempump Division, Crane Co.

Bucks County Company on the Move



Long before most of us became conscious of atom splitting and space exploration, two Philadelphia engineers, David P. Litzenberg and Howard T. White, were working on a pumping concept that was to play a vital role in today's nuclear, aerospace, and chemical processing industries.

Prior to World War II, pumps leaked at the shaft which connects the pump chamber with its motor drive. That was a fact of life that pump men had lived with for centuries. But Litzenberg and White reasoned that there must be a way to eliminate the leakage of these often expensive, frequently hazardous fluids. And they found a way. In the late Thirties, they were granted a patent on a pump that had no shaft sealing device; it needed none. By combining pump and motor in one integral unit, they eliminated shaft exposure and consequent fluid leakage.

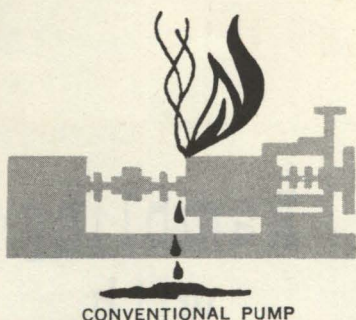
Then came the war, and further development and marketing of this revolutionary "leakproof" pump were temporarily halted. Upon their return from military service, the two engineers conducted further research and engineering, and in 1947 began production of the first Chempump "canned motor" centrifugal pumps. Originally, Chempumps were designed to solve specific leakage problems in the chemical processing industry. But interestingly, it was the infant Atomic Energy Commission that spurred Chempump production. Working with such hazardous fluids as radioactive water, the AEC was quick to see the benefits of a leakproof pump. Thus began a long association between Chempump and the nuclear industry.

The fast maturing aerospace industry was another early Chempump customer. Aircraft electronic equipment requires constant cooling and a pump that can reliably

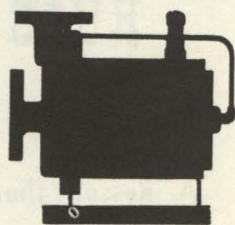
circulate the coolant. The industry was dissatisfied with the conventional pumps it was using; the pumps required excessive maintenance to control leakage, and they were much too bulky. Leakproof Chempumps, which are approximately half the size of conventional pumps, model for model, were tried. They proved entirely satisfactory. Today, the aerospace industry uses approximately 30% of all Chempumps produced.

Even while tooling up for production of these early models, Litzenberg and White were planning variations for specific applications in the chemical processing industry. Pumps were built to handle extreme temperatures and pressures as well as a variety of corrosive fluids. The pumping requirements of chemical processors were carefully studied, and steps were taken toward standardization of designs to meet those requirements. Presently, virtually every major chemical company is a Chempump customer.

With Chempump's problem-solving fame spreading, more people, larger facilities, and additional capital were required. In 1959, Chempump Corporation merged with Fostoria Corporation, a multi-product industrial firm in Fostoria, Ohio. Simultaneously, Chempump moved from Philadelphia to a rented facility in Huntingdon Valley, where it remained for five years. Continued expansion necessitated still another move in 1964. Rather than continue renting, the firm decided to build a factory designed to accommodate its special needs and to allow for future growth. Several locations were considered. Negotiating through the Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation, the company chose a site in the Warrington Industrial Park. It proved to be an excellent choice, with a skilled work force and many suppliers close at hand.

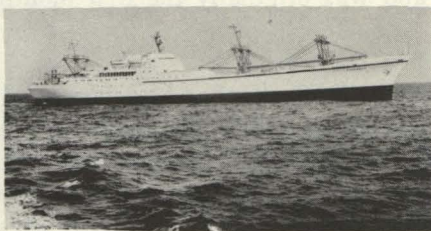


CONVENTIONAL PUMP

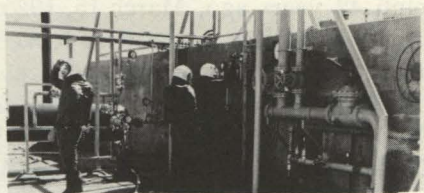


CHEMPUMP

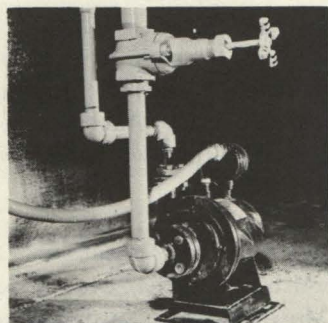
Conventional pump leakage can be very hazardous and costly. Chempump eliminates leakage.



N. S. Savannah, first nuclear-powered merchant ship, uses Chempumps, as do all subs in our nuclear navy.

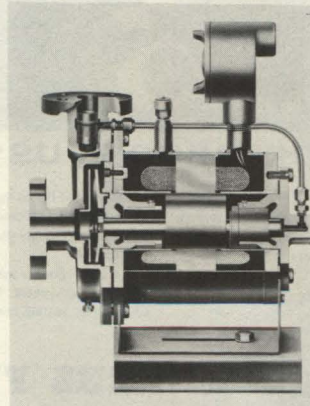


An integral part of America's space program, Chempump is shown here serving in a component testing program.



This Chempump handles a difficult-to-pump fluid, toluene di-isocyanate, in a major chemical plant.

Chempump^R is a seal-less, centrifugal canned motor pump. Unlike conventional centrifugal pumps, its design combines pump and motor in a single hermetically sealed unit that has no stuffing box, no mechanical seals, no packing. Pumped fluids can't leak out, nor can they be contaminated by air-in leakage. The term "canned pump" derives from the fact that the rotor chamber, which is constantly exposed to the pump fluid, is isolated from the stator cavity, which contains the motor windings, by a corrosion-resistant, non-magnetic alloy liner commonly referred to as a "can."



Cutaway photo of typical Chempump. 100 models available in 30 sizes ranging from 1 to 125 horsepower.

Chempump has only one moving part, a combined rotor and impeller assembly driven by the rotating magnetic field of an induction motor. A small portion of the pumped fluid constantly recirculates through the rotor section, cooling the motor and lubricating the bearings. This flow cycle eliminates periodic lubrication.

Because of its positive leakproof design, Chempump cuts costs on almost every installation for which it is specified. It eliminates stuffing box and seal maintenance, as well as costly fluid loss. Since special foundations, leveling, and alignment are not required, installation costs are also greatly reduced.

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Rambling with Russ

by

A. Russell Thomas

MARCH — Our Third Month was named after Mars, the God of War and was originally the first month of the Roman Year.

HISTORICAL EVENTS of other Marches — March 5, 1770, Boston Massacre; 7th, 1876, telephone patented; 11th, 1888, great blizzard of 1888; 14th, 1964, Jack Ruby convicted; 15th, 44 B.C., Julius Caesar assassinated; 17th, St. Patrick's Day; 24th, Good Friday; 30th, Alaska purchased, 1867.

THE KIWANIS club of Doylestown was christened a new baby service club 42 years ago, March 15, 1925, in the Doylestown Armory as 58 Kiwanis recruits looked on . . . So far as I know the only charter members still accounted for are Walter M. Carwithen, Edward O. Steely and your Rambling With Russ . . . On the occasion of the 18th birthday of Doylestown Kiwanis, celebrated April 27, 1943, the club prided itself for having four military members representing the Marine Corps, the Navy, Medical Corps and the Army — namely Bob Figuera, Dr. William Westcott, Frank Stultz and Leon V. N. Beck.

UNUSUAL GAZETEER — For more years than we care to admit, we have been courthouse beating for things unusual. A gazeteer we came across the other day contains scores of names and stories that we have never heard mentioned in courthouse corridors.

DID YOU know, for instance, that Aberysthruth was an early name for Hilltown Township, and that Alummengh was Indian for the Falls at Morrisville? I also discovered that Aquetong comes from Aquentnong meaning "at an island."

DID YOU know: That Andalusia College was a private classical school, also known as "Poter Hall?" That Argus was named for the Argus family? That Aurora was an early settlement absorbed by Quakertown? That Attleboro Academy was established in 1835 by the Society of Friends and called Middletown Boarding Association for Girls.

THAT BATH Springs in Bristol Township was one of the earliest of places celebrated for the curative value of mineral waters? That Bedminster was named for a parish in Bedminster, County of Somerset, England? That the Bucks County Bible Society was organized in 1816? That there is (or was) a peculiar intersection of several roads near Fallsington that was named Chicken's Foot?

Some know, some don't, that down in lower Bucks County there is a China Lane! That the Cross Keys Tavern, Doylestown, owned by the Contis bears the sign representing the arms of the Papal See. That the Cuttalousa's real Indian name is Suttalauche? That the Doan cave is located in Plumstead Township, where the notorious outlaws hid. That the Dukes Law, a form of government, was instituted in the Delaware Valley, closely following the old English law of about 1664.

THAT EMLÉN Institute, an early industrial school for Indians and colored children was founded by Samuel Emlen in Solebury in 1837 and later moved to Warminster? That "Fast Lands," so designated about 1720 in the Bucks County court records, so named because the settlers had legitimate grants? That Gallows Hill in Springfield Township, was named because travelers found a body hanging from a tree limb there? That Hollekonk was the Indian name for Holicong? That Garnet Hill in Middletown Township was so named because of the quantities of garnets found in the gravel?

THAT INDIAN Queen was the name of the inn that was built on the site of the old Bucks County Administration Building (once the Doylestown National Bank) in Doylestown? That Lighthouse Hill overlooks Newtown? That among the Indian chiefs in Bucks County were Manerakickan, Anrichtan, Sackoquewano and Mannekos? That the old saw mill at Lumberville which was dismantled in 1921 was replaced by the late Lukens Thomas in 1848, one of my direct relatives, and run by him until 1867? That the mill was operated continuously for 70 years, curing white pine and hemlock logs rafted down from the headwaters of the Delaware River?

THAT natural gas was struck at a depth of 90 feet, forty-seven years ago on the Elias Eastburn farm at Lahaska by a Warrington well driller? That if chaff

(continued on page 16)



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(continued from page 15)

was once thrown into a limestone sink hole near Holicong, it would make its appearance at Ingham Spring? That the Johnsville railroad freight station was the highest point above sea level between Reading Terminal in Philadelphia and New Hope, and that the highest point in Bucks County is Haycock Mountain, 960 feet?

* * *

SOME OLD BILLS: Came across some old bills for material for the old Bucks County brownstone courthouse replaced by our present \$7.5 million structure. The old brownstone building was erected in 1813. The nails cost \$420.68 1/2 and carpenters received \$1.25 per day. The paint job cost \$508.07. The original courthouse bell weighed 346 pounds and cost \$207. A large gilt ball on the top of the courthouse lightning rod cost \$45 and a weather vane cost another \$33.

Apple whiskey for the men at work on the courthouse cost 50 cents a gallon. Lumber for the building cost \$3,500.43 1/2. Poplar planking cost \$30 a thousand and boards \$20, with the same price for oak, white pine, while white ash plank cost but \$20 a thousand and hemlock, \$14. Shingles cost \$10 a thousand, and panelboard \$3.25 a thousand. The entire courthouse cost \$38,000.07.

* * *

THIRTY-FIVE years ago this month one Calvin S. Bryan, a resident of Sundale, was directed by the late President Judge Hiram H. Keller to pay \$8 a week toward the support of his wife and child. . . Mrs. Bryan told Judge Keller that Calvin beat her up on numerous occasions and threatened to kill her. . . "Yes," said Bryan, with a smile on his face as he looked down at his wife (a little person) and said, "I struck her once or twice, but she always hit me first." . . Bryan, as this reporter recalls, finally admitted that he never gave his wife any spending money. . . "Although you smiled throughout this hearing, it was not funny," commented the late Judge Calvin S. Boyer, seated next to Judge Keller as he addressed Bryan.

* * *

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH — Certainly there must be better ways to spend the money of the taxpayers of our great County of Bucks than to even think of buying a glass menagerie to attract more tourists. This would be almost as sensible as proposing the building of golf courses by the county at a time when taxes are out of sight. Silence is the virtue of fools, so let's speak our feelings!



Continued from Page 12)

know, from around the corner she would appear. Men and women alike anticipated a new phenomenon. But now the new woman is simply here. There isn't any looking any more. This is uncomfortable for some of us young women who used to see ourselves as heroines who would bring off the feminine revolution. Now we discover that not only is there no such battle for us to fight but, as a matter of fact, we came in at the tail end of women trying to retreat from what had already been won.

In the beginning of the 20th century new images of the role of the woman emerged. For example, Susan B. Anthony was the symbol of our political freedom; she fought for and won suffrage for us, and lo and behold, you never have to fight that battle again! It is already won. Or Clara Bow won the sex revolution for us. What do women think they are doing these days when they talk of the sex revolution? That revolution was won a long time ago! Or what about Eleanor Roosevelt? Dear Ellie was sort of masculine, I suppose, but even so she gave us a new picture of global vocation. After these great characters had paraded on the scene, why didn't women grab hold? Why did we retreat? Why did we internalize the male images of what it meant to be woman? First we reduced ourselves to the image of Marilyn Monroe; Marilyn was a great woman but, my heavens, sex alone is not an adequate image of the woman. Then you remember that period in our history when Grace Kelly was the great figure—sort of the princess housewife of us all. And most recently, Jacqueline Kennedy; her perversion of vocation sent us back to the Victorian ideal of the woman as an accomplished figure, a polished showpiece for the male. This has all been the period of the retreat, the cult of "the girl," the period in which we tried to internalize old images or male images of woman's social role. But that is gone and a new woman is here. There is no more retreating.

The new woman—what does she look like? Strangely enough, she doesn't look like anybody. We are never again going to be able to have one figure who holds for us what it means to be a woman. Instead you find many-faceted dimensions coming into being. You find Indira Ghandi standing as a figurehead for those women who are socially concerned, giving an image of womanliness in the political arena. For the intellectual, Marie Curie remains as an outstanding picture of female passion enabling analysis. And for the college students, Joan Baez gives new dimensions to femininity; while for Negro girls—the African "natural" hairdo gives authenticity. All kinds of new images are coming, but no single encompassing image.

GROUP-ORIENTED STANCE

When did retreat cease? What finally brought her into being? I think it came about 1961. In that year an Italian doctor fertilized an human ovum in a test tube. The Church suggested that he give up the experiment, which he did. They say that the fetus died but the feat remained! That, for us women, was the end of any kind of biological determinism of our role in history.

Until then many women still operated out of the sow image of the woman; the woman has children, the men of which create history, the women of which have babies, the men of which create history, the woman of which have babies. . . . But a radical "NO" has been said to the sow image. It is easy to get caught up in the most recent events of our time, instead of seeing the broad scope. I think you have to look at the whole process of evolution to see with clarity. We think that sex delineations as we know them have always been around. But in the beginning there was not sex. The first organisms simply divided to continue the population. Then even when sex arose fertilization, gestation and the growth of the young didn't take place internally; it was all external—out there in the water. The sperm swam around and the fertilization took place externally as did the maturation. Eventually some of these processes began to be internalized; for example, the nurture of the young as the male sea horse broods the eggs and finally fertilization itself was internalized. But now the trend has reversed itself. Statistics show that professional urban women who want to nurse their babies discover they can't that the milk is not there. Biologically something is happening and they cannot produce milk for their children. Or again among professional urban women, babies tend to be born prematurely. This no longer presents a problem because we have incubators. The whole trend is moving once more toward sexual reproduction being external instead of internal. What we have in recent centuries thought to be a female function—the bearing and raising of children—was not always such and certainly will not be so. To pretend otherwise is to deny the scientific wisdom of our day. We must break loose from the images which make reproduction the primary function of maleness and femaleness.

Sex differences there are, but of a more inclusive and sociological nature. Sociologists and biologists talk of these traits no longer as being biologically determined, but rather culturally evolved. One must understand that even the earliest forms of consciousness created social contexts which effected their own biological development. This is still the case; as was suggested above with the professional urban women. As homo sapiens has evolved from primarily matriarchal societies, thru patriarchal ones, and now to a new form one sees dramatically the male and female traits which have developed. Matriarchal society (pre-individual) was greatly group-oriented, conservative, observed the on-goingness as fate and chance, and evolved through co-operation. Patriarchal society was highly individualistic and variable, thrived on adversity and struggle, and viewed man as triumph over his environment—mind against irrational fate. Whether or not any individual woman is pleased by this identification with group-orientation or recognizes it in herself (there is both male and female in us all) cannot be the test of its validity, it is statistical trends we are concerned with. And let us be clear—co-operation is of equal value with individuation in human evolution and is at a premium today.



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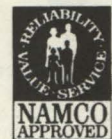
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Between Friends



"Spring is here, spring is here . . ."

Gleefully these words swept past me as a crowd of happy little girls went flying down the road, their hair flying out behind them and coats over their arms. Clearly the words of the old wives came back to me. "Never cast a clout till May is out." It really is cruel the way nature teases us by slipping in that occasional balmy day, sending us all off to our beds afterwards with red runny noses and coughs and sneezing.

Yet those chanting words in little girls' sing-song voices propelled me out of my mid-winter gloom. You know, for all of our ranting and raving children are pretty much as children have always been. It would appear that in spite of all of the myriad of tempting plastic playthings available they still enjoy the simple life.

Recently I was delighted to hear:

"Not last night, but the night before, 12 old robbers thumped on my door. As I went to let them in, this is what they said: 'Dancer, dancer turn around; dancer, dancer touch the ground; dancer, dancer do the split; dancer, dancer get out quick!'"

You and I would probably recognize the old Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear one too. Well, the kids still do that one. Remember, "Teddy bear, teddy bear turn around; teddy bear, teddy bear touch the ground; teddy bear, teddy bear, show your shoe; teddy bear, teddy bear, please skiddoo; teddy bear, teddy bear, go upstairs; teddy bear, teddy bear say your prayers; teddy bear, teddy bear turn out the light; teddy bear, teddy bear say good night." You can almost see that huge fat soft old teddy bear, smiling and jumping up and down.

And how about, "Blue bells, cockle shells,
Evie, Ivy, over . . ."

* * *

How often have we heard it said that one rotten apple will sour the whole barrel? Well friends, it distresses me to say this but I'm afraid this will happen once again unless we stop it.

With all the recent notoriety at the Bucks County Health Dept., it appears to us that much of the wonderful work being done by these people will be obscured behind headlines. For instance, did you know that just



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OR WOULD LIKE TO

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the every-day routine work of this office includes inspecting and licensing sanitary landfills, water supply facilities, restaurant and trailer parks? Also, this department maintains dental, well-child, venereal disease, and orthopedic clinics. It provides public health nurses for individuals, families or groups, and employs nutritionists who work with many other institutions around the county.

These people took over the immunization program of the polio campaign a few years ago, and stand ready to do the same thing again at a moment's call. Right now they have very active programs going on through all of our schools to attract graduates to careers in public health.

Let's not forget the good that has been done, still is being done, and that will be done by these people; or, as the old saying goes, "Let's not throw the baby out with the bath water."

* * *

Love your dog? Then take care! Pennsylvania is cracking down on all dog owners. If your dog does not have a current license, you could be subject to prosecution with fines of \$10 up to \$300, or imprisonment for not more than 90 days . . . so take care!

* * *

A note crossed our desk recently, informing us that the Bucks County Commissioners have appointed 13 persons to the Bucks County Mental Health-Mental Retardation Board. These people will serve to aid mentally disabled residents in or near their homes. The Board will develop programs for diagnosis, treatment and referral that will enable the patients to remain in contact with their communities. Serving without pay, one of its first duties will be to help the County Commissioners select a professional administrator by recommending two eligible persons.

* * *

We are most happy to join with Mrs. Peggy O'Neill, director of Bucks County's Department of Adult Welfare in congratulating Neshaminy Manor Home. The Home has been certified as meeting all standards of extended medical care to qualify for the Medicare Program. This program will have to be limited to those patients who are admitted from hospital or who return from hospitalization.

* * *

With alcoholics becoming more and more numerous, it is very reassuring to hear about such fine places as Livengrin, Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center for Men and Women, where they start out by saying: "Give to us your confidence and we will return to you . . . your Life."

This Manor with its 45 acres of enchanting countryside, lies in the heart of Bucks County. Protected from outside humdrum by an impressive Robin Hood-type

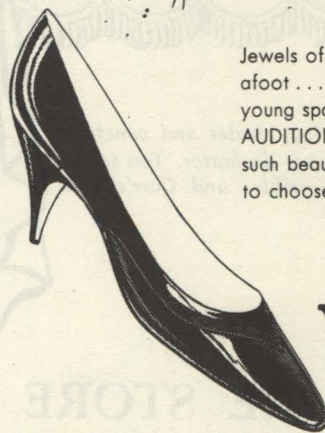
Continued on Page 22

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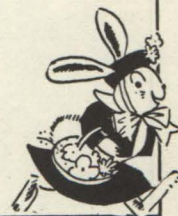
Visit Grandmother's House and Country Store — sniff the teas, spices and vinegars. Press your nose against the penny candy counter. It will bring back memories of lots of fun — things like coal ranges, pigtales, and licorice.

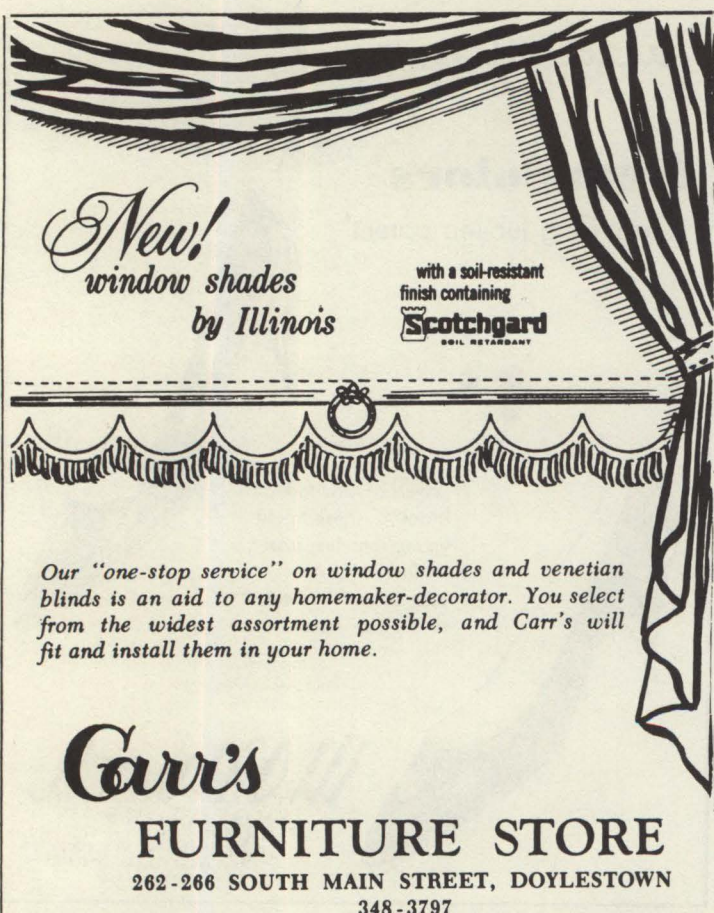
"Little Easter basket surprises or goodies."



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(continued from page 21)

fortress of huge vintage oaks, specimen dogwood and rhododendron, it lies nestled as though born there. The Manor is equipped with the most modern facilities, yet manages to hold on to a true home-like atmosphere devoid of all institutional character.

The folks at Livengrin say, "We like to consider ourselves as friends to alcoholics seeking help." How wonderful it is to know that at 4833 Hulmeville Rd., Eddington, we have one of the finest programs of this kind going on, with people working here whose whole aim in life is to comprehend the attitude of the alcoholic, separate him from dependency on the bottle and then fill the void with a huge dose of common sense and determination.

For further information, please call ME 9-2300.

* * *

Filming of the motion picture "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is under way at Washington Crossing State Park, Pa. It is fitting that such a film be produced at the actual site where the historic events took place during this turning point in the American Revolution.

Ann Hawkes Hutton, Chairman of the Washington Crossing Park Commission, states: "We are most fortunate in having full cooperation from the weather in re-creating the bitter cold conditions under which Washington and his 2,400 men endured during these critical days of the Revolution."

The half-hour 35mm color film which is being presented by the Washington Crossing Foundation in cooperation with the Washington Crossing Park Commission, Department of Forests and Waters, and Department of Commerce of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, together with the Bucks County Historical-Tourist Commission and the Bucks County Board of Education, will be available nationally to secondary schools for classroom use.

Charles W. Fisher, Director of Programming and Visual Education of the Foundation is directing the film, and Stuart A. Queen will produce it for ADS Audio Visual Productions of Fairfax, Va.

St. John Terrell, well known New York and Lambertville producer, again portrays the role of Commander-in-Chief, General George Washington, as he has done in the annual re-enactment of the Christmas Crossing for the past fourteen years.

* * *

To all of our fellow farmers we would like to pass on this item:

The new Champion Sodbuster for 1967 will be selected at the State Plowing Contest to be held August 30 on the Somerset State Hospital Farm, 1 mile east of Somerset.

Better get those boys out into the lower forty as soon as the weather permits — we would just love to have a winner from Bucks. It wouldn't be all glory either — three first prizes will be given of \$100 each, second place will receive \$25 and third, \$15.





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FEEDBACK LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Panorama,

Here's a suggestion to Roy C. Kulp.

How about pepping up *Panorama* with a more or less regular short column of the *old* days (and people) of 100 or so years ago?

A different year for each issue would be of great interest to descendants of Doylestown families, who are now living elsewhere.

Very sincerely,

(Mrs.) Lucy N. Bitterlich
Miami, Florida

Gentlemen:

There is an old brick house on the side of the River Road (rte. 32) just above the Indian Rock Hotel. All that is left of it is the walls, and I suppose the windows, doorways and floors have rotted out.

Do you have the history of that house? I am sure your readers would be interested and I am sure I would. Maybe Russ Thomas has that history from his Ramblings.

Also, I have heard nothing further regarding the Indian Burial grounds found on a farm south of Indian Rock Hotel. If you have any other information about that, I think the reading would be interesting.

Respectfully,

Fred Kittson
Pt. Pleasant, Pa.

Ed. Can anyone help?

My Dear Sirs — Panorama:

How come you speak so much of the past — those bygone days, 10, 20, 25, 40 years ago?

My wife, Dolly Dear and I knew of all the grandeur of the past. Doylestown, Washington Crossing, Lambertville, New Hope, Quakertown, Kitty Carlisle, St. John Terrell — we enjoyed these marvelous folks, outings, plays and countryside for 27 years. Dolly always remarked, "Everything is beautiful." Now Dolly has passed on.

Today the sun is shining brightly outside and inside. "Most beautiful," she would say, but I ask, "What is going on, happening in Bucks County today? We are still alive, (that is, some of us) with love in our hearts.

The high winds are chasing the leaves all over the place, moving the electric wires and giving mirth to the birds. What is happening today in Bucks County?

BUILD A BASIC WARDROBE

Shoes are an integral part of your total well-groomed appearance. A thoughtfully planned shoe wardrobe is a must even if you have to build it gradually. Also you can actually save money for shoes will last longer, look better and are more comfortable when you can alternate wearing them every day and for every occasion.



Men's tastes in shoes are divided into two general segments — conservative and traditional, or avant-garde and experimental.

The conservative would include "correct" patent leather opera pumps for dinner clothes, or the equally correct patent leather laced oxford. A straight-tip oxford is suggested for a navy pin-striped suit. For some reason, the straight-tip is considered a little more formal than the wing-tip. Black or very dark brown wing-tip is less formal and would go well with an oxford gray type suit. Plain-toe, laced oxford in dark brown or black with glen plaid. Bold country patterned jacket with separate slacks looks well with a plain-toed boot type in brushed leather or calf. For leisure try the very soft, flexible shoe such as the moc-type slip-on.

Many who are individualists enjoy breaking with tradition. Today there are many, many styles which fall into this avant-garde or experimental segment, such as a two-eyelet plain and shaped toe, a plain toe slip-on, a slip-on boot type with side goring, an up-dated monk strap slip-on in grained leather. The important thing is first to grasp the understanding of which characteristics of a shoe model make it formal, less formal and even less formal for country or leisure wear.

Stan Bowers

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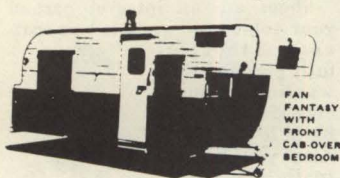
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(continued on page 26)

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CALENDAR of EVENTS

March, 1967

- 1-31 **Levittown** — Kathryn Turner, Artist, pastels, oil and water colors, Central-Penn National Bank in the Country Club Shopping Center.
- 9-16 **Andalusia** — "A Shot in the Dark," Play-Masters. Playhouse, 965 State Road. Curtain 8:40 SHARP. \$1.75.
- 11 **Doylestown** — Concert, Bucks County Symphony Society. Lenape Jr. High School, Route 202 W. of Doylestown. 8:30 P.M.
- 14 **Doylestown** — Fashion Show. Jr. Women's Club. Lenape Valley Jr. High School. 8:15 P.M.
- 17 **Fairless Hills** — 14th Annual Science Fair. William Penn Jr. High School. 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Public invited. Free.
- 17 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival. Prof. Frederick Hartt, Professor of History of Art, University of Pennsylvania, "Florence Under Water," Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road. 8:00 P.M. \$2.00.
- 17 & 18 **Doylestown** — Lions 6th Annual Variety Show, Central Bucks High School, Court and Lafayette Streets. 8:00 P.M. Donation \$1.00.
- 18 **Langhorne** — 6th Annual MISS BUCKS COUNTY PAGEANT, Neshaminy High School, Old Lincoln Highway. 8:00 P.M.
- 18 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival, Hugh Downs, NBC Television Broadcaster — The Today Show. Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road, 8:00 P.M. \$2.00.
- 19 Palm Sunday **Yardley** — Easter Flower Show. 175 S. Main Street [Yardley Florist Shop] 9:00 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.
- 19 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival. Franz Geierhaas, Concertus Musicus, "A Program of Renaissance and Baroque Music." Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road. 10:00 A.M. Free.
- 26 Easter **Washington Crossing** — SUNRISE SERVICE, Bowman's Hill, 7:00 A.M.
- 28 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival, Emmanuel Sinderbrand, pianist. Lecture-Recital, "Love, Literature and Lyricism," Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road. 10:00 A.M. Free.
- 31 **Southampton** — 10th Annual Concert, "County Choraliers," Klinger Jr. High School, Second Street Pike. 8:30 P.M. \$1.50.
- 31 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival, Meli Davis, A Concert of Mime and Dance, Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road. 10:00 A.M. Free.
- 31 **New Hope** — Solebury School Arts Festival, Drama Presentation directed by Sergei Retiviv, "Miss Julie," by August Strindberg, "The Wedding on the Eiffel Tower," by Jean Cocteau, Solebury School, Phillips Mill Road. 8:00 P.M. \$2.00.

(continued from page 26)

How about this? Why tell me so much about the past and all of those good actors? Why not joyfully tell us of some of the good actors and acting to come? After all the good things that came out of Bucks County, are we lax and cannot produce any new good thing? How about thinking of the future, what is to come, and who can help make Bucks County a better place in which to live.

Love to you all,
Godfrey Knoos Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Knoos:

Why do we speak so much of the past? Because it's there, and is punctuated with people, places and events that we are proud of, and because it teaches us how to enjoy the present and plan for the future.

Bucks County is a beautiful blending of old and new, and the younger generation knows it.

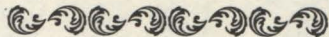
What's happening in Bucks County today? The young folk, who have learned by living here to respect the past and to cherish the rich beauty of nature and history — the young ones are working to keep Bucks County a fine place in which to live.

The young ones here are acting, learning, building, and teaching — for today and tomorrow; but many of them have been influenced by the pride, purpose and determination of yesterday's residents. Some of them cling to this heritage and pass it on. Some of them call it "roots," some call it "pride," some call it "tradition." You called it "love in our hearts."

In this speeding, computerized, self-service world of today it's easy to be high-pressured into accepting new values, new moral standards, and new ideas of beauty. Then it's good to have someone stop us — and make us look at what's really lasting and lovely.

Yes, the high winds are moving the electric wires and giving mirth to the birds here, too. I wouldn't have noticed, but you made me stop and look.

Ed.



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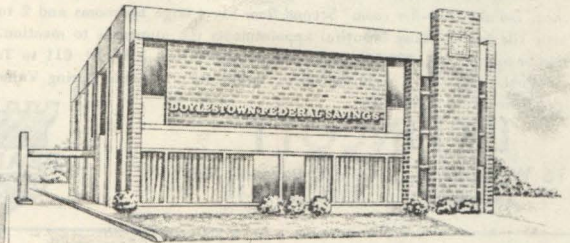
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(continued from page 9)

well for water would arrange for the diviner to walk his acreage. Carrying a peeled, forked branch of a bush or tree, the water-witcher would solemnly parade across pasture and meadow land, followed by intently serious neighbors, eager to see the moment the diviner felt the pull of his branch. When the branch dipped downward, sometimes with a violent motion, according to the diviner, at that spot there would be found water, waiting to be exposed by digging the well. This was a form of entertainment enjoyed by many, for it combined mysticism and the pleasure of an outing.

In the 19th century the specialness

of July the fourth brought people from distant areas. There were speeches, refreshments, marching and dancing. Local politicians held forth then as now. Hand-woven fans whisked over sleeping babies as the audience listened to the solemn assurances and fanciful promises — then, as now.

Gone with the past generations are these simple events. The pedlar's wagon, the vendues, and husking bees brought the community together and added sometimes the only entertainment in the lives of our early people. Who is to say those distant pleasures dull in comparison to our own? They were simple and sweet pleasures, and treasured all the more because of the plain and uncomplicated lives into

which they came.

Oh, to hear a tinker's bell winging silvery sounds across a lonely homestead; to be a part of the boisterous gaiety of a husking bee, or to see the brightening face of the farm-wife who hungered for the cabbage roses on a whale-oil lamp!



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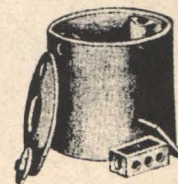
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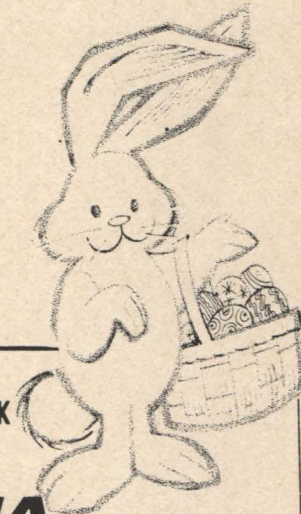
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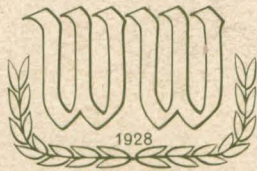
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